

[8]

AND,

roof

**ZION'S HERALD.**

PUBLISHED BY  
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION,  
30 Bromfield Street, Boston.  
A. S. WEED, Publisher.

BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their localities.

Price \$2.50, Payable in Advance.  
Postage 20 cents per year.  
Specimen Copies Free.

**Vaults, Locks,**

for Books,

published a complete FIRE, including their better than any other list of their Safes, with

ND,

Boston.

**Reform**

ERS.

A. M.

D. D.

s and Sketches.

**WHAT IS MATTER?**

BY REV. F. H. NEWHALL, D. D.

"When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter, And proved it—'twas no matter what he said."

Please, Herr Aristarchus in the HERALD office, who set up and take down the "rhetoric of the matter" of manifold scribbles, do not make my title read, "What is the matter?" For the Bishop of Atlanta might swoop down upon that insignificant trilateral, and make it an exhaustless text for his exhaustless theme of *inspiratio plenissima*; and Conferences from Boston to "Frisco," and thence to Japan and Boston, might be reminded how a diphthong once convulsed the Church, dethroned emperors, and drenched a continent in blood. And yet, if we can tell "what is matter?" we shall get on far towards telling what is the matter with the popular science and philosophy of to-day. Byron was no philosopher. Berkeley never said, "There is no matter," as Byron meant it; much less did he try to prove it by *E s A r E, or E l A r E n t*,—and it is a good deal of matter what he said.

**NDARD BROILER.**

STED APRIL 10, 1877

But simplest and best for cooking meat, fish, etc., in the most perfect manner.

Can be used over either a Coal or Wood fire.

Cooks Steak & roasts meat, etc., in the most perfect manner, and the flavor is retained.

Does not get ashes or coal on the meat, and does not let the fat or grease out of the meat.

Ask your Dealer for the Standard Broiler, it is just what you want.

Manufactured by F. BROWN & CO., 111 North St., Boston, and WILLIAMS & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Fisherville, N. H.

Can make \$12 a day at home. Address TRUCK & CO., 111 North St., Boston.

**NDARD BROILER.**

STED APRIL 10, 1877

But simplest and best for cooking meat, fish, etc., in the most perfect manner.

Can be used over either a Coal or Wood fire.

Cooks Steak & roasts meat, etc., in the most perfect manner, and the flavor is retained.

Does not get ashes or coal on the meat, and does not let the fat or grease out of the meat.

Ask your Dealer for the Standard Broiler, it is just what you want.

Manufactured by F. BROWN & CO., 111 North St., Boston, and WILLIAMS & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Fisherville, N. H.

Can make \$12 a day at home. Address TRUCK & CO., 111 North St., Boston.

**NDARD BROILER.**

STED APRIL 10, 1877

But simplest and best for cooking meat, fish, etc., in the most perfect manner.

Can be used over either a Coal or Wood fire.

Cooks Steak & roasts meat, etc., in the most perfect manner, and the flavor is retained.

Does not get ashes or coal on the meat, and does not let the fat or grease out of the meat.

Ask your Dealer for the Standard Broiler, it is just what you want.

Manufactured by F. BROWN & CO., 111 North St., Boston, and WILLIAMS & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Fisherville, N. H.

Can make \$12 a day at home. Address TRUCK & CO., 111 North St., Boston.

**NDARD BROILER.**

STED APRIL 10, 1877

But simplest and best for cooking meat, fish, etc., in the most perfect manner.

Can be used over either a Coal or Wood fire.

Cooks Steak & roasts meat, etc., in the most perfect manner, and the flavor is retained.

Does not get ashes or coal on the meat, and does not let the fat or grease out of the meat.

Ask your Dealer for the Standard Broiler, it is just what you want.

Manufactured by F. BROWN & CO., 111 North St., Boston, and WILLIAMS & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Fisherville, N. H.

Can make \$12 a day at home. Address TRUCK & CO., 111 North St., Boston.

**NEBELL FOUNDRY**

hose celebrated Bells for CHURCHES, etc. Price List and Circulars

RY McSHANE & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

**ELY & KIMBERLY**

FOUNDERS, TROY, N. Y.

superior quality of Bells, and the most perfect of the kind, and Catalogue sent free.

**NEBELL FOUNDRY**

hose celebrated Bells for CHURCHES, etc. Price List and Circulars

RY McSHANE & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

**ELY & KIMBERLY**

FOUNDERS, TROY, N. Y.

superior quality of Bells, and the most perfect of the kind, and Catalogue sent free.

**NEBELL FOUNDRY**

hose celebrated Bells for CHURCHES, etc. Price List and Circulars

RY McSHANE & CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

**ELY & KIMBERLY**

FOUNDERS, TROY, N. Y.

superior quality of Bells, and the most perfect of the kind, and Catalogue sent free.

**ZION'S HERALD**

BOSTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1878.

No. 6.

**ZION'S HERALD.**

ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion (Agate matter) per line 25 cents.  
Each continued insertion, " " " 20 " "  
Three months, 10 insertions, " " " 16 " "  
Six months, 20 " " " 15 " "  
Twelve months, 40 " " " 14 " "  
Business Notices, " " " 35 " "  
Reading, " " " 50 " "

No Advertisement published for less than one dollar.

No Advertisement will be taken without a personal inspection by us of the copy.

Cuts will only be taken by special arrangement.

ALONZO S. WEED, Publishing Agent, 36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

**FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.**

BY HON. J. E. DAWLEY.

The clock strikes twelve! 'Tis midnight now,  
And all the jewels on night's brow  
Are hid from sight; one sky of cloud  
Conceals them like a sable shroud;  
One rayless void of darkness lies  
Between me and the starlit skies;  
I look for light, now here, now there,  
But blackness meets me everywhere.

I sleep awhile. The clock strikes three!  
I look to see what I can see,  
And lo! the skies are clear and fair,  
And stars are shining everywhere;  
The silvery moon sails on her way,  
To pale before the coming day;  
The storm is passed, the gloom is gone,  
And light is out of darkness born.

I did not dream, last night, how soon  
Again it would be sunny noon;  
For, looking, all that I could see  
Was gloom and darkness shrouding me.  
And so when troubles banish light,  
And my poor soul is dark as night,  
I would be still, for I must know  
God's day of joy is nearest me!

**THE MURPHY MOVEMENT.**

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

Being in Springfield last Saturday, and learning that Mr. Murphy was to speak in the City Hall in the evening, I resolved to gratify my curiosity and hear one who has waked up such a widespread enthusiasm. "Go early," said a clerical friend, "and enter at the tower door, and get a seat on the platform." "Full inside?" I asked of one at the door. "Full?" said he. "Well, I reckon! Some have been sitting there all the afternoon." By a little effort I found a seat on the front of the platform. It was now 7 o'clock P. M., and the vast room was full to repletion—every seat occupied, and scores standing round the walls. The hour for commencing was 7.30, but in the meantime a large choir on the platform filled up the interval by singing some of the Moody and Sankey songs, while one or two of the city pastors talked about a collection.

**SONG.**

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
Home-keeping hearts are happiest;  
For those that wander know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care;  
To stay at home is best.

Wearied and homelike and distressed  
They wander East, they wander West,  
And are baffled and beaten and blown about  
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;  
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
The bird is safest in its nest;  
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly  
A hawk is hovering in the sky;  
To stay at home is best.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

**MINISTERS' VOWS.**

BY PROF. J. P. LACROIX.

The great diversity of doctrinal teaching which actually exists in the Church of England, has led to a serious discussion of this question: In what sense and degree are the solemn vows, taken by a minister on his entering the service of any particular Church, binding upon his conscience? Are they absolutely binding in the precise sense he understood them to contain at the time he took them upon himself? Is a minister bound to observe these vows all the days of his life in the very sense he intended when he first took them?

**THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.**

BY REV. SAMUEL JACKSON.

FIFTH PART.

Compare with this tenacity and immortality the ephemeral life of those works that from time to time have been issued to throw discredit on the Scriptures, and to supersede them—works whose birth was anticipated with the most extravagant expectations; ushered into the world amid salvos of applause; and which were predicted would turn back the currents of human thought, and destroy forever the religious beliefs and convictions that have been inspired by the Bible. "I am tired of hearing it repeated," said Voltaire, "that twelve men founded a religion that should be immortal. I will show them that one man can destroy it in less time than it took the twelve to establish it." Well, did he do it? What of his efforts, and the efforts of others similarly minded? Where are they? And who knows anything about them? Gone like the foliage of last year; while this poor, obsolete, antiquated Bible, that hundreds of years ago ought to have been buried in the rubbish of the past, is more vigorous than ever, commands wider attention, and wields a greater power than in any former age. Could this have been possible if it were not the product of the inspiration of the Almighty?

**TEMPLE BAR.**

BY DR. J. T. PAYNE.

[Concluded.]

The earliest mention of Temple Bar may be found in the records of the corporation of London during the year 1539. But the Bar was thought to have been established late in the twelfth century. When the Bar ceased to consist of a chain, and was formed by a gate, is not known; but in the reign of Edward III, in the fourteenth century, it is certain that there was in use a practical gate made of wood. At the coronation of Queen Mary there was a wooden structure called Temple Bar, and at that occasion it was newly painted. An old chronicler, writing 1328-88, mentions that the Bar was burned by rioters. Another wooden

visible to either. To find Him we must "look at the things that are not seen"—things that are not painted upon the retina of the eye or of perception. Not the understanding, but the pure reason, or the "pure heart," sees God. By the moral sense "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, even His eternal power and Godhead."

Hence we clearly see—if the reader sees like the writer—that to create matter is to create unconscious force; and this is the work that we understand was done when "God created the heavens and the earth."

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
Home-keeping hearts are happiest;  
For those that wander know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care;  
To stay at home is best.

Wearied and homelike and distressed  
They wander East, they wander West,  
And are baffled and beaten and blown about  
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;  
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
The bird is safest in its nest;  
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly  
A hawk is hovering in the sky;  
To stay at home is best.

H. W. LONGFELLOW, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

the Lutheranism of the hearts and consciences of men, you require just the subject-matter that it contains. It has not survived all these centuries because some have had faith in it. It is not the belief of men that has saved it from overthrow and preserved it to this hour; but because it is the revelation of the divine Mind to man touching his heart-history and his destiny forever. And this is worthy of God in whatever aspect it may be regarded. In respect to this it is unique; totally unlike any other book; without a rival. There is no form of composition that does not find expression in its pages; but it is in its revelations of the Infinite and Eternal, in its moral precepts and spiritual maxims, that you find the secret of its immortal vigor. It is a book not of philosophy, or history, or antiquities, or poetry, or politics, but religion—the absolute religion of the great God and our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Here, indeed, you will find philosophy, and history, and poetry, and law, and policy, and antiquities, compared with which the choicest productions of the human mind are in no respect superior; but these are only incidental and subordinate to the one aim that runs through it all, of voicing clearly what is due from man to himself; what he owes to his fellow-creatures; and what are his duties to God. Nothing that can be conceived to be a duty that is not here enjoined; nor is anything enjoined as a duty of which it can be said that it is unreasonable and ought not to be performed. The simplicity, consciousness, perspicuity and authority with which they are delivered, give force to truth and scope to reason in the application of general duties to particular circumstances. Nowhere else can be found such a mass of interesting truths on every subject which concerns man as a citizen of this world and as an immortal creature. It tends to make men not only more pious and moral, but more rational and wise; and is so different from, and so far above, what man would of himself think of as achievement, that there ought to be no difficulty in conceiving it to be divinely inspired.

We have no reason to be ashamed of the Bible; we have no reason to fear for the Bible. It has stood—that part of it which more immediately concerns us—for sixty generations, the target at which has been aimed every weapon that the malice and ingenuity of man could devise, without ever having been penetrated by a single one, or showing to-day the least trace of weakness. And it will continue to stand, as defiant and unscathed as it is to-day, until the apostle angel, placing one foot on sea and one on land, shall declare, by Him who liveth forever and ever, that time shall be no longer. The heavens and the earth shall pass away, but not one jot or tittle of this Word shall fall. It is impregnable to every assault. If it were not, long since it would have succumbed; but that it is more strongly entrenched in the hearts of men, more widely known, and having greater influence on human thought and action, than in any former age, demonstrates it to be "the wisdom of God and the power of God."

We should cherish it, believe in it, and love it more strongly for what it is and for what it does; for its power to stimulate and to comfort. In the lowly cottage; under the pressure of adversity; in the sorest trials; by the bedside of the sick and the dying; over the coffins of the dead; in the presence of danger; under the crushing burdens of poverty; when pierced by afflictions; in the deepest of all solitudes and the loneliest of all loneliness into which the heart can enter; in short, in all the chequered experiences of life, what a source of inexhaustible comfort and support the Bible is! It tinges every cloud with a silver lining, extracts sweetness from every cup of bitterness, and renders suffering and disappointment almost painless by its rich unfoldings of the glory and blessedness of the world to come. Next to Christ, thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift of this inspired Word—the revelation of Himself, heaven and eternity, to the conscience of mankind!

been foolish and comical, in which kings and queens have been the players; and for these royal dignitaries on their way from Westminster the gates have been locked and unlocked with silly pomp. In the days of blood the shadow of the Bar fell on many; and as late as a hundred and thirty-two years ago, the heads of malefactors and traitors were attached by iron spikes to the arch of this fine monument—a disgrace at once to art and civilization.

For a noble gate which has had so many detractors, I wish to express my warmest admiration, with a hope, also, that the heart of modern London may so far be actuated by right impulses that it will not allow this link connecting us with the past utterly to disappear from the face of the earth.

My task is done when I record the inscriptions which were once on Temple Bar, but which have been blotted out by the hand of time:—

"Erected in the year 1670, Sir Samuel Starling being Mayor.  
Continued in 1671, Sir Richard Ford, Mayor.  
Finished 1672, Sir George Waterman, Mayor."

**FROM OUR EXCHANGES.**

(Extracts from the report of Rev. J. Cook's lectures, in the *Daily Advertiser*.)

It is a common and just complaint that professional training in our century is too often one-sided and narrow. Specialists all men must be who succeed, but they who succeed best will be those who are most general. Much of our education builds an ascent to the whole circumference of culture. Only whole wheels will roll! Wherever we leave out an are in our culture there is likely, as the wheel rolls, to be a halt some day. If a great university thinks it may be wholly secular, and teach nothing concerning religious truth, ignoring the loftiest faculties in man, then I say that university is not building circles of culture, but rockers. This age is a babe that goes in a cradle on wheels, and no longer in one on rockers.

Except the large culture of the higher powers of the soul, there is nothing we need more to insist upon as a remedy for skepticism than sound scholarship. If students do not care to compete with each other from motives of ambition, let them, from the love of usefulness, put themselves to the test, and those who, by successful competition in college, have given a prophecy of their success in the competition of subsequent life. Macaulay said once that the general rule, beyond all doubt, was that the men who are first in the competition of the schools have been first in the competition of the world.

Who are some of the men now in public life in America whose college rank has been a prophecy of their success in life? I undertake to affirm that the upper quarter of a college class furnishes more men of eminence and high usefulness than the lower three-quarters taken together. I beg the pardon of everyone here who, on account of ill-health, or from any other cause, may have dropped behind in the competitions of a university course. There are illustrious exceptions; and any who have fallen below the first quarter, no doubt, were geniuses who cannot be brilliant in every particular. I believe that Mr. Emerson and Mr. Hawthorne did not read their classes in scholarship, although Mr. Emerson was class poet, and Hawthorne particularly requested his faculty that he might not receive a part at commencement. But of the graduates of Harvard between 1800 and 1850, who have obtained renown, how many ranked in the first quarter of the class to which they belonged? Four-fifths. The first twenty have usually furnished more men of distinction than the lower eighty in any one hundred of college graduates. Examining statistics which have recently been collected very painstakingly by Mr. Thwing, I find that among those now eminent in America, President Woolsey in 1820 took the first honors of his year. President Eliot in 1853 was one of the first scholars of his class. President Porter in 1831 had the third rank. President Seelye in 1853 had one of the very first places. President Smith, late of Dartmouth, took in 1830 the third rank. President Barnard in 1825 had the second rank. President Walker in 1851 was a leading scholar of his class. President Fellows, in 1827, was graduated with high distinction. President Hill, in 1843, was the second scholar in his class at Cambridge. Professor Bowen, who leads now the philosophical department at Cambridge, was the first scholar of his class in 1830. Professor Peires, in 1824, excelled his class-mates as much in the knowledge of mathematics as he does now his fellow-professors. Professor Dana, in 1833, was the fourth scholar in his class. Leonard Bacon, in 1820, was the fourth. Professor Tyler of Amherst College, in 1830, was only one-half of one per cent. behind that scholar who afterwards became known to the world as Professor Hackett, and whose rank at Amherst, in 1830, was 97½ per cent. for the whole course. It is well understood that there is no infallibility in college marks. Who knows which was the better scholar, Tyler or Hackett? They were both excellent scholars, and distinguished men. The little differences between the ranks are not insisted on in forming college estimates. Something, however, must be taken as the rule by which to rank men, if you appoint the parts according to the ranking list, and so such an apparent injustice may occur as here. But the general rule stands, nevertheless, that the upper quarter furnishes as many distinguished men as the lower three-quarters.

There is in this country no law for learning except that it shall shine and give itself position whether it has a candlestick to stand in or not. President Woolsey says, "We have candles and no candlesticks." There is great need here of inspiring college life by the influences of home life and by emphasizing the difference between first-class and second-class work.

the limits of this sketch prevent the full mention of curious scenes that were enacted about Temple Bar. But the spot is so closely associated with the names of kings and queens, learned men, divines, wits, military chieftains and traitors, that it will serve as a very good starting point for those who wish to weave about it the record of events during a period embracing four or five hundred years of English history. The gate has been dressed in bright colors at the marriage of princes, and draped in mourning at the death of the great ones of the nation. First and last, Temple Bar has been the scene of diversified events, some of which have

the limits of this sketch prevent the full mention of curious scenes that were enacted about Temple Bar. But the spot is so closely associated with the names of kings and queens, learned men, divines, wits, military chieftains and traitors, that it will serve as a very good starting point for those who wish to weave about it the record of events during a period embracing four or five hundred years of English history. The gate has been dressed in bright colors at the marriage of princes, and draped in mourning at the death of the great ones of the nation. First and last, Temple Bar has been the scene of diversified events, some of which have

ty's Board, that I would winter home and field of one good name as of my intended thorough Congressional Society, n in the time of the Forty-forty-five years old. We to find Governor Claflin's class is completed, you p. There are but six seats representatives on our f ever from the Forty-four from Boston was full or social pleasure, Chris

## The Christian World.

## MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

The outlook of the missionary work in foreign lands was never more encouraging. Throughout the foreign field glorious triumphs are witnessed for Christ. In view of the extraordinary achievements of the Gospel in heathen lands, the Church is called to increase her efforts to save the millions of perishing heathen. The triumphs of the past are full of hope for the future. The following facts, furnished by one well versed in the history of Christian missions, will give some idea of what has been done for the last half century:—

**FIFTY YEARS.** Japan was sealed from the Gospel fifty-one years ago; Dr. Morrison was allowed to enter China, but as a servant of the East India Company, and there was no missionary besides; Judson and his wife were prisoners in Burmah, where there were only eighteen Christian natives. In India, even Heber was compelled to decline baptizing a native convert, lest he might "excite the jealousy of those whom it was desirable to conciliate." From India to Syria there was not a missionary of the Cross; Turkey was without a missionary, and the Sultan had issued an anathema against all Christian books; two or three missionaries were along the West coast of Africa, and two or three more in the South; Madagascar had scarcely been entered; the Church Missionary Society was rejoicing over its first convert in New Zealand; and only the first fruits were being slowly gathered in the South Seas. Outside of Guinea and the West Indies, there were not 6,000 Christians in the whole heathen world.

What changes have been wrought for the last fifty years! In China, to-day, there are thirty Christian Churches at work, and the number of Christians is increasing sixfold every ten years. Japan welcomes every Christian teacher, and proclaims the Sabbath as the weekly festival. For every convert there was in Burmah there are now a thousand; there are 350 churches, and nine-tenths of the work is done by native missionaries. There are 2,600 missionary stations in India, and near 2,000 of them manned by native laborers, while Christians are increasing by more than a hundred thousand in ten years. There are self-supporting Christian congregations in Persia, and in the Black Sea; there are 5,000 communion churches gathered into the mission Churches of Syria, Gambia, Sierra Leone and Liberia have large Christian communities, aggressive upon the neighboring heathen with the aggression of the Gospel. There are 40,000 communicants in the churches of South Africa, and 45,000 children in the schools. Moffat waited for years for a single conversion; and he left behind him populations that cultivate the habits of civilized life, and read the Bible in their own tongue. There are 70,000 Christians gathered into the Churches of Madagascar; Polynesia is almost entirely Christian. There are not less than two millions connected with the Christian settlements in heathen lands, where 2,300 missionaries labor—and all this has been accomplished within fifty years!

## RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Fanny Crosby has written 2,500 Sunday-school hymns.

The Bible has been introduced into the public schools in Bengal.

Sweden and Switzerland contribute the largest number of new members to the Mormon Church.

Rev. A. W. Mann of Chicago, and Rev. H. W. Syle of Philadelphia, are said to be the only deaf mute clergymen in the country.

Within five years thirty-seven Railroad Y. M. C. A. have been formed in the United States and Canada, with about 2,500 members.

The Free Presbytery of Aberdeen has finally adopted the charges against Professor Robertson Smith, having added one to those reported by the committee to the effect that the Professor, by his writings, through neutrality of tone and rashness of critical construction, had tended to disparage the Divine authority and inspired character of the Scriptures.

The Thanksgiving collection in the Diocese of Pennsylvania, for the Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia, amounted to \$11,427.83.

A Chinese Young Men's Christian Association, with a Chinese president, is in full successful operation in Honolulu.

Since Rev. Dr. E. H. Rutherford became pastor of Pine Street Church (Presbyterian) in St. Louis, Missouri, five years ago, the membership has increased about two hundred; and during the same period the contributions of the congregation have amounted to more than \$71,000.

A witty Englishman, alluding to the divisions existing in the Established Church, characterized the several parties in it as consisting of Attitudinarians, Latitudinarians, and Plitudinarians.

The General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York City has sixty-nine students on its roll. Of this number fifty-two are graduates of colleges.

Dr. Chickering, agent of the Massachusetts Temperance Society, writes from Washington, D. C.: "I have not been unmindful of my promise to you, in the three-fold capacity of editor, friend, and member of our good old Massachusetts Temperance Society's Board, that I would write from my winter home and field of labor. I am sure of one good name at the commencement of my intended thorough canvass for the Congressional Society, now, as it happens, in the time of the Forty-fifth Congress, just forty-five years old. We always know where to find Governor Claflin. When the result is completed, you shall know the result. There are but six senators, and fifteen representatives on our 'roll of honor' left over from the Forty-fourth. My long journey from Boston was full of opportunities for social pleasure, Christian and temperance."

From Oliver Ditson & Co. we have received, from Mr. W. B. Brown, a new book, "The Christian's Life," by Geo. W. Brown; Eileen, a new book, by Marion Starr, music by J. O. Press by Check & Co., song, by Adolf Jensen. Easy and instructive Songs by Alfred Richter; Happy Songs by Chas. Baker.

perance work. Nearly on an average of once a day, I addressed larger or smaller assemblies, from city churches in Worcester, Newark and Philadelphia, and Amherst and Northampton colleges, to reform clubs, large and small, generally in connection with women's temperance unions—most useful "nursing mothers" to those infant organizations. I found open doors of usefulness. I can only hope that our Lord may have made them in some degree "effective" also. I had been here but two days when summoned by telegraph back to New Jersey, to the funeral of a dear old friend for half a century, well-known to some of your elder readers as the widow of the late S. V. S. Wilder, whose admirable memory, by his daughter, published by the good old Union Trust Society at New York, may keep the present generation informed about the "Hillside Church" at Bolton, and other parts of his remarkable history and work both in this country and in Europe."

## A BATCH OF CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM MAINE—GOLDEN WEDDING.

The fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Rev. Aaron Sanderson and his estimable wife, of the Maine Conference, was celebrated in Auburn at the residence of L. S. Chandler, Esq., Jan. 24, 1878. Nearly 150 friends gathered on the occasion, among whom were about thirty ministers.

Brother Sanderson and wife greeted the guests warmly as they came in, but after such a life as theirs no mock ceremony would have been appropriate. At 8 o'clock the guests were called to order by Rev. S. F. Wetherbee, who was converted and entered the ministry thirty-five years ago, under Brother Sanderson's labors; and Rev. E. Martin, Presiding Elder of Lewiston district, in a few appropriate remarks, presented Brother Sanderson and wife a plate containing two hundred and fifty dollars in gold. Though struggling with deep feeling, Brother Sanderson responded with the easy grace and dignity which ever characterized him.

Rev. C. W. Morse pressed to the front, and clasping hands with him most affectionately, congratulated him on his recovery of health, his long, successful ministry and the uninterrupted domestic felicity he had enjoyed for half a century, blessing him in the name of the Lord. Prayer was offered by Rev. S. F. Wetherbee, after which Brother Sanderson briefly reviewed his ministry of 53 years, referring to such successive appointments, viz., Durham, Kennebec, Readfield, Kennebecport, Gorham, Eliot, Bowdoinham, Gardiner, Exeter, Skowhegan, Wilton, Wiscasset, Augusta, Readfield, Readfield district, Chestnut Street, Portland, Portland district, Augusta, Wilton, Farmington, Readfield district, Gardiner district, Portland district, Bethel, Leeds Junction, and Lisbon, his present field of labor. In every appointment his ministry has been a success, till his health failed during his last term on the Portland district. Two or three years of rest so far restored him that he is again able to take work, and though 75 years of age there are, we hope, years of efficient service before him yet in the field of the Master. During his long ministry of 53 years, Brother Sanderson has shown his younger brethren that the dreaded "dead line of fifty" is but a humbug after all; that "even down to old age" the presence of the Lord will go with us if we fully trust in Him, and He will keep our graces alive and our hearts young and hopeful.

After the presentation the guests were invited to a rich and bountiful collation prepared by the ladies of Auburn and Lewiston. This was followed by spicy remarks from E. Martin, A. S. Ladd and others, and inspiring singing.

While gratefully acknowledging the prompt golden responses of Brother Sanderson's many friends in the State, the committee would refer with special pleasure to gifts from friends far away: Brother Aspinwall, Wis.; W. H. H. Pillsbury, Iowa; Brothers Peirce, Weed, Chadbourne, Meredith and Bliss, from Boston; Brothers Gammon, Lunt and Deering, St. Louis; and the generous gift from Mrs. B. F. Starvante, Jamaica Plain. An elegant gold charm, on which was engraved the Lord's prayer, was presented by Rev. A. Moor, formerly of the Maine Conference, and a beautiful wall chromo from Rev. R. Sanderson, of Waterville, whose presence with Brother Sanderson's other children and grandchildren added much to the interest of the occasion.

In taking leave, our hearts go up in fervent prayer, that the evening of life, closing in so gently around the Rev. gentleman and his loving, faithful companion, may continue as now, serene and bright with the stars of hope, whose increasing lustre shall only be lost in the brighter glory of an eternal day!

S. F. W., for the Committee.

FROM WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA. Those readers of the HERALD who are interested in Southern emigration, will remember the letters which have occasionally appeared in its columns, from this section. The Northern people who are here are delighted with the country and climate. The writer has no land to sell, nor is he paid for writing letters; he simply wishes to obtain Methodist neighbors, and help build up Society in this fine and very healthy region. One good brother—I think a local preacher—from Canaan, N. Y., has been here this winter, looking at the country. He was highly pleased, secured a five-hundred-acre tract, and went back to bring on some families with him. Since his return he writes us that instead of a few families, the indications are that he will have a colony ready by spring.

Land can still be had at \$2 per acre, and a few improved farms are offered cheap. Pure spring water is abundant,

and timber of all kinds is inexhaustible. The soil is good, and the great markets of the South will take all the grain, fruit and beef that can possibly be raised. Our soil produces apples, peaches, grapes, wheat, corn, rye, Irish and sweet potatoes, etc. The grasses do remarkably well.

The Hayes and Hampton Southern policy is regarded by Northern people resident here, as highly beneficial. Never since the war has such quiet and friendly intercourse so generally prevailed.

THOMAS BAXTER WHITE.

Highlands, Macon Co.

## EDUCATIONAL ITEMS.

Wellesley College opened Dec. 27, with an increase of attendance over last term. The regular number is 300, but the present number is 320.

The University of California has 314 students, 49 of them women.

Cornell has a student's guild for the aid of the sick.

Every Trinity senior is required to write a poem of a hundred lines.

The professor of English Literature in the Imperial University of Japan, is W. A. Houghton, a Yale graduate of '73.

It is proposed to endow a professorship for Boston University, to be filled by a woman, and Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Hannah Stevenson, Mrs. Claffin, Mrs. Talbot, Miss Crocker, Miss Peabody and Miss E. S. Phelps and other ladies are beginning to organize for the purpose of obtaining the necessary endowment, which is fixed at \$40,000.

Professor Timothy Dwight and many others, including President Porter, ex-President Woolsey, and many of the professors of Yale, have signed a petition directed to the police commissioners, asking for the enforcement of the Sunday liquor law.

Six teachers, three ladies and three gentlemen, have left New York to become instructors in two national colleges for men and women, in Honduras. Others are to be engaged from time to time, and the English language and American system of education will be used.

Miss Peabody, of the Boston school committee, had the very handsome compliment of receiving the highest number of votes ever cast in Boston for any one person. Her vote was 46,574. W. T. Adams (the boys' favorite "Optic"), also of the school committee, received 46,739 votes.

Mr. William Cushing, of the Harvard library, has prepared an exceedingly full subject and authors' catalogue for the *North American Review*. The value of such an index is seen from the fact that in the first seven volumes the articles were published anonymously. Mr. Cushing will publish the index if he receives two hundred subscriptions.

The Denver high-school building in Colorado cost about \$80,000; the Sioux Street house, \$24,000; the Broadway, about \$30,000, which Superintendent Gore pronounces as perfect a building for school purposes as there is in the United States.

Twenty-seven dollars a year covers the entire cost of tuition, incidentals, and library fees at Oberlin College. The other expenses of the student are also correspondingly low. Not a few of the students keep all their expenses within \$150 a year. Some of them earn every penny of it as they go along, though scholarship or health must generally suffer when one undertakes to do as much as that.

A bill has been introduced in the Senate having for its object the reopening of South Carolina University. Efforts are also being made to re-establish the South Carolina Military Academy at Charleston. The academy buildings have been in possession of the United States government since the war, and application will probably be made to Congress for a return of the property to the State, and also for an appropriation of \$100,000, claimed to be due the State for rent.

The chapel singing at Dartmouth is not all that could be desired, if we may credit the college paper, which says: "It may be true that 'music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,' but we should like to see the aborigine who would face our chapel music for more than five seconds without a great longing to scalp the choir."

## TOBACCO.

BY R. O. PHINNEY, M. D.

THIRD PAPER.

As in physical science there are certain general principles or axioms which form the starting point of subsequent investigations, so are these fundamental principles in human physiology which must be taken as unquestionable verities in our vital inquiries. Agents which increase the vital organic power, in accordance with the natural law, tend to promote health, and, consequently, to prolong life, and, vice versa, agents which diminish organic power tend to lower the condition of the health and abridge life. Without ignoring that beneficent provision of the vital economy whereby an agent of temporary evil may be eliminated from the system so as to avert dangerous or fatal results, it nevertheless remains true that the continued application of a noxious agent to delicate living tissues cannot but prove detrimental, and that, in proportion to its harmful qualities and the unremitted length of its application. This being so, we are irresistibly led to the conclusion that the continued application of a poison, such as tobacco, to the living human organism, must abridge the natural tenure of life. This depressive action of the

weed may be designated its first and direct method of shortening life.

2. It acts indirectly by inducing other vicious practices whose end is destruction. As already noticed, the stimulus of tobacco occasions a waste of the salivary fluid; this is followed by thirst, which craves something more than mere water to allay the importunate demands of fumes overstimulated and parched. Hence, wherever neither pride nor principle erect a barrier, resort is had to alcoholic drinks, which too often result in dissipation, disease and untimely death.

3. It is a law of organic life that "like begets like." "Whatever a man sows that shall he also reap." A lowering of the powers of life weakens the reproductive system, and correspondingly the issue. This helps to account for the physical, intellectual and moral degeneracy of the children of great smokers. Less than four nations of Europe; the present deterioration of that people is, by some, attributed in no small degree to their excessive use of tobacco.

The late John Q. Adams was a careful observer, and he came to the conclusion that by the use of this weed, human life was shortened, on the average, five years. This was probably considerably below the truth. But taking this as the average, and estimating the number of consumers at one-tenth of the whole population of the country, we have, in round numbers, four millions of persons who either smoke, chew, or snuff the poison. Four millions multiplied by five, give us a product of twenty millions of years of life in the aggregate lost in a single generation. If we estimate the average life of man to be one-third of a century, then we arrive at the astonishing result that six hundred thousand lives are virtually lost by this vile practice in a single generation in this country! Surely alcohol has in tobacco no successful competitor. We were grieved and shocked at the loss of some two hundred thousand lives in our late war; but if our estimate be true, more life has since been sacrificed at the shrine of sensuality. Our friends sicken and die, and we wonder at the strange providence that removes so early, and perhaps suddenly, our loved ones to the spirit world. Could we but draw the curtain and have a full view of the causes of disease, we might wonder that many hold out so long against these self-wrought missiles of destruction.

"O, many a shaft at random sent Finds mark the arctic little meant."

Man is the workmanship of the divine Lawgiver. He is made to live and act in accordance with law. Health, happiness and continued life are the rewards of obedience; disease, suffering and a premature grave are the wages of disobedience. But where does the responsibility of this evil rest? Mainly, we think, upon the men of education and position. They are the makers of public opinion; and opinion has long since been crowned as "queen of the world." Let a physician who indulges in the use of tobacco pronounce it harmless, and he will initiate ten where the bar-room loafer will make one follower. One minister of the Gospel with his cigar or meerschaum will make converts enough to satisfy the most ambitious; and the counselor may, by his example, find it much easier to allure the youthful to a course of dissipation than to arrest their downward tendency by subsequent pleadings and penalties.

## Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Feb. 5, 1878.

FLOUR—Superfine, \$4.00; 4.50; Extra, \$4.10; 4.25; Middling, \$4.30; 4.40; St. Louis, \$4.50; 4.60; Southern Flour, \$4.35; 4.50.

BROWN—\$4.25; 4.50; 100 lbs.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 35c; 36c; bush.

OATS—35c; 45c; bush.

RICE—70c; 75c; bush.

HAY—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

FEED—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

SEED—Timothy Hay, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

Red Top, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 35c; 36c; bush.

OATS—35c; 45c; bush.

RICE—70c; 75c; bush.

HAY—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

FEED—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

SEED—Timothy Hay, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

Red Top, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 35c; 36c; bush.

OATS—35c; 45c; bush.

RICE—70c; 75c; bush.

HAY—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

FEED—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

SEED—Timothy Hay, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

Red Top, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 35c; 36c; bush.

OATS—35c; 45c; bush.

RICE—70c; 75c; bush.

HAY—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

FEED—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

SEED—Timothy Hay, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

Red Top, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 35c; 36c; bush.

OATS—35c; 45c; bush.

RICE—70c; 75c; bush.

HAY—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

FEED—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

SEED—Timothy Hay, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

Red Top, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 35c; 36c; bush.

OATS—35c; 45c; bush.

RICE—70c; 75c; bush.

HAY—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

FEED—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

SEED—Timothy Hay, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

Red Top, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 35c; 36c; bush.

OATS—35c; 45c; bush.

RICE—70c; 75c; bush.

HAY—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

FEED—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

SEED—Timothy Hay, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

Red Top, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 35c; 36c; bush.

OATS—35c; 45c; bush.

RICE—70c; 75c; bush.

HAY—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

FEED—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

SEED—Timothy Hay, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

Red Top, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 35c; 36c; bush.

OATS—35c; 45c; bush.

RICE—70c; 75c; bush.

HAY—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

FEED—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

SEED—Timothy Hay, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

Red Top, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 35c; 36c; bush.

OATS—35c; 45c; bush.

RICE—70c; 75c; bush.

HAY—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

FEED—\$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

SEED—Timothy Hay, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

Red Top, \$12.00; 13.00; 100 lbs.

CORN—Mixed and Yellow, 35c; 36c; bush.

**FREE TO ALL**  
**D.M. FERRY & CO'S**  
**ILLUSTRATED**  
**DISSEMINATING**  
**SEED**  
**FOR 1878**  
This is a new and valuable book, containing full and complete information regarding the best seeds for planting in 1878. It is a book for the farmer, the gardener, the householder, and the traveler. It is a book for the people of all countries. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of all colors. It is a book for the people of all religions. It is a book for the people of all nations. It is a book for the people of all times. It is a book for the people of all places. It is a book for the people of all worlds. It is a book for the people of all creation. It is a book for the people of all existence. It is a book for the people of all eternity. It is a book for the people of all ages. It is a book for the people of all sexes. It is a book for the people of



no prose and proverbial language  
no reads this volume will be better satis-  
fied situation ever afterward, and more  
lithal.— *Western Methodist*.

**MES P. MAGNE, Agent,**  
N. E. Methodist Depository,  
33 Bromfield St., Boston.

## The Family.

## THE WILLING WORKER.

BY REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

"The spirit truly is ready, but the flesh is weak." MATT. VI, 23.

"I expect when I get to heaven still to have work to do."

Richly the grapes in Thy vineyard, O Lord, Hang in Thy clusters of purple delight! I have attended the call of Thy Word, Working for Thee since the dawning of light; Sweetly the sunset gleams over the sea, Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Ripe are the fruits in Thy garden, O Lord! Fair are the flowers Thou lovest to twine; Master, no labor, no pains I have spared— Long have I wrought in this garden of Thine.

Lo! the night-stars in the heavens I see, Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Deep wave Thy harvests, in acres untold; Gladly I reaped in the heat of the day; Now the moon rises, in fullness of gold, Slowly the reapers are moving away; Wide is the plain, and not many are we, Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Dim are mine eyes 'mid the fast-fading light; Falters the heart from the toilsome constraint; Seant on my forehead my locks have grown white— Lord, 'tis the body grows weary and faint; Finished the task Thou hast given to me, Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

## THE LITERATURE OF TO-DAY.

BY MISS LOUISE J. MCCOY.

"Helen's Babies." With some account of their ways. Innocent, Crafty, Angelic, Impish, and Repulsive. Also a partial record of their actions during ten days of their existence. By their latest victim. B. Fore opening the little volume whose contents are thus voluminously described, we are in a state of doubt whether its pages contain exciting tales of a family of youthful cannibals, or the less fatal antics of Pack's brotherhood. We even imagine that it may be the history of some diminutive specimens of the feline tribe, so multivorous is its title.

The *Contemporary Review*, of which this article is a feeble offspring, is perhaps unjust in criticising the work too severely. It may, indeed, afford an hour's enjoyment, by a hasty perusal, when one's time cannot be spent more profitably; but should we not expect more from this superior age, which is devoted so largely to literary pursuits? Three thousand years ago, when genius was unaided by education, and the products of the literary world grew, as the fruits of the earth in its golden age, "without cultivation," the grandest of poems was given to man. And shall this highly-enlightened and extremely intellectual era be surpassed by the period, which we, with conscious superiority, name the "dark ages," and transmit to posterity "nothing but leaves," filled with the precocious remarks and comical antics of a few infants? The dew of freshness and truth is still upon the works of Homer, while the dust of falsity and worldliness is choking the products of the nineteenth century.

Perhaps ten years ago Punch gave us the picture of a young gentleman in a drawing-room to whom entered the small sister of the house, betraying to his confidence some superfluous information in regard to the private affairs of the family, or committing some other innocent violation of propriety. This kind of an idea has borne fruit in the shape of similar stories for many years, and "Helen's Babies" is the most recent. One-fourth of the book is very good, except as to the manner of it; the remainder our sarcastic informant characterizes as "mere fast writing and fast sentiment, with more or less animal spirits in it." "Fitz Greene Halleck," he remarks, "would have thrown the book out of the window and told the writer to go back to school a few years and then read good authors and leave comic periodicals and penny papers alone for a time." We regard the author's references to Scripture as the most surprising portions of the volume, and, in many instances, decidedly out of taste. He cannot see a cloud of dust, kicked up by a child, without dragging in an utterly idle and meaningless joke. He says: "He ran towards us, enveloped in a pillar of cloud, which might have served the purpose of Israel in Egypt." In our copy of the Bible, the cloudy pillar served the purpose, not of Israel in Egypt, but of Israel in the wilderness.

There is still a worse case, in which an "awful old trunk" is concerned. Children like to look over old trunks, and so Budgie did. This is what the author has to say about it, addressing the child: "The casual mention of one of thy delights has suddenly brought to our souls that sweetest of all human communions—the one which doubtless bound the Master Himself to that disciple who was otherwise the weakest of the chosen twelve." After much study, we abandon this, both as to good sense and good taste. We can extract no sane meaning from it whatever.

The hero rises at a late hour on Sunday, by way of keeping the day holy. He tells us that he is soon aware that his little nephews are not in accord with him upon the Sinai law. They disturb his rest, and this is the record of it: "With sleepy condescension I endeavored to ignore these noisy irreverences, but I was suddenly moved to a belief in the doctrine of vicarious atonement by a flying body, with more momentum than weight, which struck me on the not prominent bridge of my nose and accommodated itself to the out-

line of my eyes." This means that his small nephew threw a doll at him. In all this the reader will notice an utter lack of reverence and a distorted extravagance of language.

Our English cynic, however, demands of us in a way which makes our blood boil within us, "Is this the way in which American children, favorably placed, are brought up? Are they all treated like toys, taught to cant, and spoiled in selfishness, when they ought to be quietly rebuked and sent to their pluty? What are we to think of the recent heavy influx of children's books from America? And if 'Helen's Babies' and the 'Barton Experiment' are fair specimens of the sort of books which sell by scores of thousands among American readers who are supposed to be educated, who talk familiarly of the 'poets' and Fiske's 'Cosmic Philosophy,' and do really show some literary apprehensions here and there, what on earth are we coming to?"

Such a scathing remark from our English cynic arouses in us the "spirit '76," and we are tempted to revise the scenes of the Revolution. We infinitely prefer a happy, merry, natural child to an extremely virtuous and severely proper young mortal, who does not even deserve the name of child; and we believe that American children, as a rule, are neither "treated like toys," nor "spoiled in selfishness." But is there not a grain of truth in his statement? Will not the average American turn readily from the biography of some great mind to an highly improbable account of some sentimental heroine with marble brow and starry eyes? Does not trifling fiction sell rapidly in our bookstores, while history and philosophy become dust-covered on the shelves? The proofs that publishers give us, that this is true, are indeed alarming, and we must exclaim with our cynical critic, "What on earth are we coming to?"

This fondness for light literature comes as a natural relief for the luxurious, smart, over-stained and driving existence of Americans. The minds of the middle class in culture are rapidly becoming superficial and shallow through their contact with mere foam and spray, and they are losing the power of deep, ennobling thought through want of communion with great minds and grand characters. The hurried life of Americans is penetrating even into the author's quiet study, and the demand for current literature is supplied by numberless hastily-composed and purposeless volumes which are barely readable. The writers of the present age are forgetting their debt to the past and their duty to the future. "He that is careless of style is careless of posterity."

The great and solemn debt which each human being owes the ages of the past, which we have transmitted to him the gift of God bestowed on them "in the beginning," with their own added wealth and treasure, can only be repaid by "deceiving to posterity no less than we in turn received." Many centuries ago, before America was dreamed of, the ancient Greeks felt this vast burden. How much more ought we to be filled with its responsibility and inspired by its grandeur, since their inheritance was slight compared with our own!

It is natural to form a standard of life by those we find portrayed in the characters of writings which especially attract us, and they cannot fail to exert an influence upon us. Shall Young America, then, be allowed to mould its character after the model of a youthful bear-hunter, or still worse, the lackadaisical young man who forms the hero of our modern novel? And shall his small sister endeavor to attain to the superior heights of young ladyhood by developing only her heart and her vanity? Surely these things ought not to be. The tide of popularity in literature must be turned. A reform in this direction is sadly needed. Shall we not, then, lend our influence to guide the hurried traveler, who can pause for only a moment of refreshing rest, that he may not quench his thirst at the little wayside brook, flowing through the dusty thoroughfare, but at the pure and life-giving stream of the Castalian fount? Wellesley College.

## CHARITY.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

It would be nearly impossible to live through the holiday season without experiencing any of the kindly feelings towards our neighbors, and especially towards the poor among us, which grows out of God's Christmas lesson of "peace on earth, and good-will to men." Somehow the heart grows warm, and its sympathies unconsciously expand, and schemes undertaken at any other time, and yet none of these investments turn out to be unprofitable. In one way or another they yield interest a hundred-fold.

A curious act of beneficence occurs to me as I let memory recall what it will from the past—an act that surely ought not to pass into oblivion unrecorded. It does not belong to the glory of these latter days, but to the old itinerant life, when a Methodist preacher in the country needed the grace of humility to season some of the crusts of his poverty.

A certain minister was appointed to a parish so poor in this world's goods that, in addition to his regular pastoral duties, he was obliged to teach school for a living. Why he was sent there at all is one of the inscrutable mysteries

of life. This means that his small nephew threw a doll at him. In all this the reader will notice an utter lack of reverence and a distorted extravagance of language.

Our English cynic, however, demands of us in a way which makes our blood boil within us, "Is this the way in which American children, favorably placed, are brought up? Are they all treated like toys, taught to cant, and spoiled in selfishness, when they ought to be quietly rebuked and sent to their pluty? What are we to think of the recent heavy influx of children's books from America? And if 'Helen's Babies' and the 'Barton Experiment' are fair specimens of the sort of books which sell by scores of thousands among American readers who are supposed to be educated, who talk familiarly of the 'poets' and Fiske's 'Cosmic Philosophy,' and do really show some literary apprehensions here and there, what on earth are we coming to?"

Such a scathing remark from our English cynic arouses in us the "spirit '76," and we are tempted to revise the scenes of the Revolution. We infinitely prefer a happy, merry, natural child to an extremely virtuous and severely proper young mortal, who does not even deserve the name of child; and we believe that American children, as a rule, are neither "treated like toys," nor "spoiled in selfishness." But is there not a grain of truth in his statement? Will not the average American turn readily from the biography of some great mind to an highly improbable account of some sentimental heroine with marble brow and starry eyes? Does not trifling fiction sell rapidly in our bookstores, while history and philosophy become dust-covered on the shelves? The proofs that publishers give us, that this is true, are indeed alarming, and we must exclaim with our cynical critic, "What on earth are we coming to?"

This fondness for light literature comes as a natural relief for the luxurious, smart, over-stained and driving existence of Americans. The minds of the middle class in culture are rapidly becoming superficial and shallow through their contact with mere foam and spray, and they are losing the power of deep, ennobling thought through want of communion with great minds and grand characters. The hurried life of Americans is penetrating even into the author's quiet study, and the demand for current literature is supplied by numberless hastily-composed and purposeless volumes which are barely readable. The writers of the present age are forgetting their debt to the past and their duty to the future. "He that is careless of style is careless of posterity."

The great and solemn debt which each human being owes the ages of the past, which we have transmitted to him the gift of God bestowed on them "in the beginning," with their own added wealth and treasure, can only be repaid by "deceiving to posterity no less than we in turn received." Many centuries ago, before America was dreamed of, the ancient Greeks felt this vast burden. How much more ought we to be filled with its responsibility and inspired by its grandeur, since their inheritance was slight compared with our own!

It is natural to form a standard of life by those we find portrayed in the characters of writings which especially attract us, and they cannot fail to exert an influence upon us. Shall Young America, then, be allowed to mould its character after the model of a youthful bear-hunter, or still worse, the lackadaisical young man who forms the hero of our modern novel? And shall his small sister endeavor to attain to the superior heights of young ladyhood by developing only her heart and her vanity? Surely these things ought not to be. The tide of popularity in literature must be turned. A reform in this direction is sadly needed. Shall we not, then, lend our influence to guide the hurried traveler, who can pause for only a moment of refreshing rest, that he may not quench his thirst at the little wayside brook, flowing through the dusty thoroughfare, but at the pure and life-giving stream of the Castalian fount? Wellesley College.

It would be nearly impossible to live through the holiday season without experiencing any of the kindly feelings towards our neighbors, and especially towards the poor among us, which grows out of God's Christmas lesson of "peace on earth, and good-will to men." Somehow the heart grows warm, and its sympathies unconsciously expand, and schemes undertaken at any other time, and yet none of these investments turn out to be unprofitable. In one way or another they yield interest a hundred-fold.

A curious act of beneficence occurs to me as I let memory recall what it will from the past—an act that surely ought not to pass into oblivion unrecorded. It does not belong to the glory of these latter days, but to the old itinerant life, when a Methodist preacher in the country needed the grace of humility to season some of the crusts of his poverty.

A certain minister was appointed to a parish so poor in this world's goods that, in addition to his regular pastoral duties, he was obliged to teach school for a living. Why he was sent there at all is one of the inscrutable mysteries

of life. This means that his small nephew threw a doll at him. In all this the reader will notice an utter lack of reverence and a distorted extravagance of language.

## NIL DESPERANDUM.

BY ALBINA L. DEAN.

Bind up your fagots, and bring them along; Lighten the way as you go with a song; Your lumps may be stiff, and the road may be rough.

But have a glad heart, man, and that is enough. Strike with your strength, and the big trees will fall; Patience undaunted will conquer them all; Your axe may be dull, and the wood may be tough.

But have a glad heart, man, and that is enough. Don't be discouraged, but thrust with a will, And thorniest thickets acknowledge your skill; Your clothes may be torn by the brambles and stuff,

But have a glad heart, man, and that is enough. Never you mind, though the winds may blow high; Send a glad song to their arms as they fly; Old Winter may growl, and his voice may be gruff,

But keep a glad heart, man, and that is enough. Let in the sunshine! Out with the gloom! Let the axe go, man, workers want room!

"Never say die," though the work may be tough, But keep a glad heart, man, and that is enough.

## THE DAUGHTERS' INHERITANCE.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

THIRD PAPER.

Rev. Mr. Houghton, in his book, "Women of the Orient," says that a Hindoo Baboo in Benares replied to his questions regarding woman's education as follows: "We have trouble enough with our women now; and if we were to educate them, we should not be able to manage them at all."

We can see the absurdity of this idea as we contrast our own Christian homes with those in India; and can realize, as he does not yet, that ignorance and superstition are poor safeguards for the nation. But while we can see the Baboo's error so clearly, may we not as well admit that there is a residuum of Eastern prejudice in the often avowed fear that any further progress on the part of women in this land would be only productive of evil?

In advocating the right of recognition in general Church work for the "Daughters of Zephobah," we may be suspected of entertaining "revolutionary ideas;" but in the further discussion of this question no innovation is necessary. The thing itself exists already, but not perfected and systematized as it might be. There are societies and associations for benevolent and religious work; but these have seemed to be looked upon with a sort of disfavor when they began to assume an individuality of their own. Take, for example, our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Unselfish in its aims as the sunshine, appealing to the tenderest emotions of our natures, as soon as it took its present form it was welcomed by thousands of hearts. Doors that had been shut fast opened to its magic touch as noiselessly as did the prison doors for Peter when the angel walked beside him; and the sympathies of Methodist women thus aroused can never be put up again within the old boundary walls. Missionaries and travelers universally admit that the society is doing a peculiarly useful and practical part of missionary labor; and were our efforts proportionate to the demands from abroad, we should measure up to even a higher standard than has been set by our most zealous leaders.

Still further, we are not aware that any serious complaints have been made regarding its business management. No debt has been incurred; its pledges have been met; its conventions have been free from extravagances; and its official sheet has been commended universally, for the freshness and force of its intelligence from the foreign field. But when we look for any signs of its official recognition, they do not appear. In the little book of Discipline which is, or ought to be, in every Methodist family, no mention is made of its existence, not even in "foot-note or marginal reference;" and while Conference authorities may from courtesy extend the privilege of an anniversary, they do not and cannot on any other ground. These facts are so well known that some of the good sisters insist that there must be something very wrong in such an organization, and most properly and consistently refuse to give their support until they can be assured that a different course is womanly and wise.

But organized bodies do not alone feel the lack of hearty official recognition. There are other great interests and sentiments, if we may so express it, which only need a breath of inspiration to arouse them to life and activity in other directions. We are so constituted that all cannot possibly feel the same degree of interest in the same thing; and fortunately, or unfortunately, this suffering world has a list of objects sufficiently diversified to meet every phase of benevolent activity. Hence, when we hear of great necessities which cannot be provided for, we wonder what class is failing to do its duty. This was our thought a few months since, when we came across a souvenir of old antislavery times in the form of a pin-cushion, bought at a fair held years ago for the benefit of the slaves. On the white satin was stamped the figure of a colored woman, kneeling, with hands upraised and clasped, a chain connecting the wrists. Above her were the printed words: "An I a woman,

and a sister?" That challenge was full of saddest meaning then, and it is significant even in this day which looks backward with horror upon that other day of chains and servitude.

A sister? Yes, but an ignorant sister—one who has been crushed by a combination of forces beyond her control. Not yet has she received a satisfactory answer to that question; not yet have the women of our Church measured up to one-half their ability in trying to answer it; nor will they until some inspired tongue shall appeal to them on this very ground—a common sisterhood in Christ—and in some way lead to a combined effort. Reason as we may, the stubborn fact remains that results increase in a ten-fold ratio, when personal responsibility and enthusiasm are enlisted. And while we are not prepared to say that any new methods or appliances are essential, we do feel sure that if Christian women are honest in their sentiments, there are those now, who will be ready to help their sisters in the South, when they recognize the necessity. Hundreds of women have parried the thrusts of our Missionary Society because they believe "there is enough to do in our own land." Very good! They are the very ones to enter this great field, and help save the colored population of these United States from Catholicism and from ignorance. We hear it said that women have so little to give, it does not matter through what channel their beneficence flows. This may be true in some sections, but in others are found women of wealth; and the number of such will naturally increase, since property is as likely to pass into the hands of mothers, wives, daughters and sisters as otherwise.

## FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

## MARGIE'S VISIT TO THE DOCTOR.

Margie lived in a tall brick house in the very heart of the city. She had never played in the hay, or hunted nuts in the woods. There was not even a yard where she could have a flower-bed of her own; but she did not miss all these delights. She was as happy all day long as it is possible for a little girl four years old to be. She could ride in the horse-cars with her papa; there were delightful walks with mamma, where she could stand, just as long as she wanted to, before the great shop windows; and above and beyond everything else, there was Louisia Maria! This was a small wax doll with real hair, and she could shut her eyes when you put her to sleep, and if you pinched her hard she made a little squeak, which Margie found very interesting. When Louisia Maria first came to live with Margie, she was dressed in a pink cambric skirt, with a muslin overdress, and Margie thought it elegant; but she really loved her better after her mamma had made a suit of real little clothes, with tiny buttons and buttonholes, which she could take off and put on. There were not many toys in the house, but Margie wanted nothing more than her own wax baby.

One day, you think, what was her anguish when one morning she found her lying on the floor, her nose quite scratched, and her "cry" broken? Margie pinched and squeezed—not a sound could be heard. Louisia Maria's red lips were a smile of sweetness and content, but Margie was quivering with sorrow as she hurried down stairs to the kitchen to show her poor, beautiful darling to her mamma. Oh, busy mamma! up to your elbows in bread-dough, did you think Margie would suppose you were in earnest when you said, "Never mind, now, my pet. Some time when I am not busy we'll take her to a doctor, and he will cure her cry!"

As Margie went slowly away two bright tears fell on the little wax face on her arm, but her mamma's words had given her a bright idea nevertheless. She could not wait for busy older people to come with her; not even for her hat and sash. Just as she was, she went out of the front door and down the street to find the doctor.

How did she ever know that in the great stone building on the corner there was a doctor's office? No one knows. But as the doctor sat there alone he heard a faint little knock, and when he opened the door of a cellar of a little girl, looking up at him with pitiful eyes as she held out her dolly and said: "Her cry is all broke! Please cure it now; mamma said you could!"

Now you know doctors are the very kindest people in the world. This one smiled at first, but he took the dolly up, just as carefully as Margie herself could. Then he made Margie sit down close beside him at his little table, and held her up to the light of a candle. "There is a very strange thing happened!" He cut a slit in the kid side with his sharp knife and pulled out something which looked like a little box, which he said was the "cry." Margie thought it must hurt dreadfully, but she ventured to look at Louisia's face, and the darling was smiling as sweetly, as ever, and did not even look cross, as Margie was sure she should have done. But if it did not hurt so much she could not tell the doctor without any anxiety, while he cut up a kid glove, and pasted it over the sides of the box, and put some strips of plaster around the edges. Then he slipped it back inside the dolly, and sewed up the side very carefully. Margie dressed it again, giving one or two careful pinches.

The cry was louder than ever! She looked up at the doctor's face, and said:—"I thank you derry much!" and she wondered why he wanted to kiss her, but of course he did. He would have taken her home, but some people came into his office just then, and as Margie had no hat, he supposed she was from some of the rooms on the upper story.

But in the meanwhile, her mamma had finished her bread, and gone up stairs to help and comfort her little girl, and no little girl was to be found. Of course she called, and called, and when there was no answer, she went to the door and looked anxiously up and down the crowded sidewalk just in time to see Margie fearfully darting across the street, holding tight her darling in her arms. And her only reply to all her mamma's questions was:

"I took her down the street to the doctor's office, and he has mended her. Just listen, mamma!"

And he certainly had!—*Christian Union.*

## LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded, By aught that occasioned a pang of regret, Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded; 'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted From all over which it is folly to fret; The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted— The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer The thought that the sun of affection has set; Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger, If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter, When kindness of yours with reception has met; The flame of your love will be purer and brighter, If, Godlike, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven Of malice, and try an example to set To others, who craving the mercy of heaven, Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply The heavenly forbearance we all are in debt; They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply Who heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget."—*Chambers' Journal.*

## FUN AND FACT.

.... They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

.... Discouraging.—School-board teachers "I've called round to hear why you have not been to school lately, Bridget Malone." E. M.: "Sorra a bit of good me comin' to school, when it's three times this week I've looked in at the door, and inside, but every empty seat in the room was full!"

.... A watchful soul is a soul upon the wing, a soul out of gun-shot, a soul upon a rock, a soul in a castle, a soul above the clouds, a soul held fast in everlasting arms.—*Brooks.*

Oh, not alone on the mount of prayer Must the Christian serve his God! But the burden of daily life must bear, And tread where his Saviour trod.

.... The rabbit is timid, but no cook can make it quail. This is a fact in natural history.

.... "I meant to have told you of that friend who was prostrated by illness, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water." "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

.... Of the poet Whittier, this story is told: "During the rebellion he was riding in the cars, and met a friend who had just made a contract with the government for timber for war ships, at a navy yard. And so I met Whittier if he thought he had done wrong. The peace-loving Quaker characteristically replied: 'If there was a contract with the government to supply timber for ships of war, there must be to it that the timber is all sound.'"

.... A witty gentleman, speaking of a friend who was prostrated by illness, remarked that "he could hardly recover, since his constitution was all gone." "If his constitution was all gone," said a bystander, "I do not see how he could be so well as he is." "Oh," responded the wag, "he lives on the by-laws."

Peace, troubled soul, lie still And wait thy Father's will! He knoweth best, Why hast thou tried things? Wait, hope for better things; Lie still and rest.

What 'tho' the days are long, Nights dark without a song? He'll surely send A glorious sunlit day, If you but hope and pray Until the end.

.... A gentleman called upon a wealthy friend for a contribution. "You must give me my mite," said the rich man. "You mean the widow's mite, I suppose?" replied the other. "To be sure I do." The gentleman continued: "I will be satisfied with half as much as she gave. Now, how much are you worth?" "Seventy thousand dollars," he answered. "Give me, then, a check for thirty-five thousand; that will be just half as much as the widow gave, for she gave all she had." That was a new idea to the wealthy merchant, so he contributed liberally.

.... A clerk in a Philadelphia book-store, thinking to annoy a Quaker customer who looked as though he was fresh from the country, handed him a volume, saying: "Here is an excellent essay on the rearing of calves." "That had better present that to thy mother, young man," was the spontaneous reply of the Quaker.

We clutch our joys as children do their dowers; We look at them, but scarce believe them ours. Till our hot palms have smirched their colors rare, And crushed their dewy beauty unaware, But the wise Gardener, whose they were, comes by.

At hours when we expect not, and with eye Mournful yet sweet, compassionate thought stern, Takes them.

.... There is a very touching little story told of a poor woman with two children, who had not a bed for them to lie upon, and scarcely any clothes to cover them. In the depth of winter they were nearly frozen, and the mother took the door of a cellar of the binges and set it up before the corner where they crouched down to sleep, that some of the draught and cold might be kept from them. One of the children whispered to her, when she complained of how badly they felt there, "Mother, what do those dear little children do who have no cellar door to put up in front of them?" Even there, you see, the little heart found cause for thankfulness.

"Whatever you have to say, my friend, Whether witty, or grave, or gay, Condense it as much as ever you can, And say it in the readiest way; And when it is finished, and you suppose Or particular things in town, Just take a word of friendly advice— Boil it down."

"When writing an article for the press, Whether prose or verse, just try To utter your thoughts in the fewest words, And let them be crisp and dry; And when it is finished, and you suppose It is done exactly brown, Just look it over again, and then Boil it down."

.... When Abraham Lincoln was a poor lawyer, he found himself one cold day at village some distance from Springfield, and with no means of conveyance. Seeing a gentleman driving alone the Springfield road in a carriage, he ran up to him and politely said: "Sir, will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?" "With pleasure," answered the gentleman. "But how will you get it again?" "O, very easily," said Mr. Lincoln, "as I intend to remain in it." "Jump in," said the gentleman, laughing, and the future president had a pleasant ride.

At morn the wise man walked abroad, Proud with the learning of great fools. He laughed, and said, "There is no God; 'Tis Force creates—'tis Reason rules." Meek with the wisdom of great faith, At night he knelt, while angels smiled, And wept and cried, with anguished breath, "O Jehovah, God, save Thou my child!"—*Galley.*

## FOR FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

## BE TENDER TO THE CHILDREN.

Solomon may slip in with his cruel maxim of, "Spare the rod, and spoil the child;" he has no business about my place while my children are tender. I can no more be hard on them than Jesus could. If I but them in this evil way, I hurt those who are of the kingdom of heaven. My gray hairs have brought me this wisdom (and woe is me, I should be so wise), that the unpardonable sin is to be hard on a tender child. I do not know whether God forgives me; I know I do not forgive myself. They forget, I hope; I do not forget. No cut of the hand or the tongue ever fell from a true father on such a child, that failed to ache forever in the heart of the giver; and no such thing was ever done which was not a damage all round. I do not wonder the old grand sire is so gentle with the second generation. He will not tell you, or himself perhaps, how it is that he is so tender with his new buds of the tree of life. He is trying to make it up to them; poor man, it is all he can do now. He would faintly recall some of the things in his fatherhood, but that cannot be done; and so he chokes back the inextinguishable regret, and humbly tries to get even through the eyes of measure. Now, we always walk softly if we do not know our way, and that way lies through great shadows; and here is where the child differs from the machine. We know what the machine can do; we have no such knowledge of the child. My boy may have a faculty in possession of his nature, which in thirty years will be a benediction to the human family; but to-day, through my eyes, he is born with power compared with his other powers and his knowledge of the world he lives in, it may look like a vice to me, and may grow to be a vice, if I do not say, "The child is tender, I will lead on softly." I will suppose he is born with an overplus of imagination, so that things appear to him as realities which have no existence except as the magic light of that imagination has thrown a picture against the white surface of his mind. I have seen a mother suddenly discover, as I imagine, that he is lying right and left; and then he gets, not a gentle guidance through which he can find the line at last between thoughts and things, but first a stern warning, and then that I call a good sound whipping. Many a minister has flogged his boy for this turn, when he ought to have flogged himself like one of the old hermits. Here is a case in which they are alike, but with a difference. Yet, sire, be on your guard on his imagination, house out of mind for the matter of his sermons. The son has come honestly by the faculty, but he is not shrewd enough to see how far he can go without being found out. The rein lies on the neck of his power as yet, and so very heartily whither it will; and then perhaps the father even prays for him at the family altar, as if he were a son of perdition, and helps to make him one through such prayers. "Gently," I would say to such a man, "turn the lash the other way; pray for insight and foresight; this may be a rare gift you do not understand. The loudest poet that ever sang may be but a vaster liar by your base criterion."—*Robert Collier.*

## THE HEM OF THE GARMENT.

He walks in the earth and the heaven, The Lord in His raiment bright; His robe is crimson as even, It is gold in the morning light; And it trails on the dusky mountains With a silver fringe at night.

High over the people thronging, Is the light of His pure, calm face; Can the uttermost need and longing Come fronting that awful place? But to touch the hem of His garment Is a comfort and a grace.

The tender sweep of the grasses Is something away the smart; And the light, soft wind that passes Is a balm to the weary heart. Only the hem of His garment, But I kiss it for my part!

The seamless robe and the border, Where the earth and the heaven meet, And the colors in mystic order, In the brooderies round His feet; It is but the hem of His garment, But virtue is there complete.

He turns, and I am not hidden; And the colors in mystic order; Did the gift come all unbidden? Oh, to think He would not know (Through even the hem of His garment) It was faith that touched Him so!

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## BE KIND, BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous, magnanimous. If there is a boy in school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of his, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fist.—*Horace Mann.*

## PLAIN TALK TO A GIRL.

Your every-day toilet is a part of your character. A girl who looks like a "fury" or a sloven in



## THE WEEK.

Preliminaries of peace between Russia and Turkey were signed at Adrianople, on the 29th ult., and hostilities have been suspended. Both at St. Petersburg and Constantinople the tidings caused great rejoicings. The following are the conditions agreed upon:—The creation of Bulgaria into a principality; a free indemnity, or territory, in compensation; the independence of Roumania, Servia and Montenegro, with an increase of territory for each; reforms in Bosnia and Herzegovina; an ulterior understanding between the Sultan and the Czar regarding the Dardanelles; the evacuation of the Danubian fortresses and Enzroum.

The steamer Metropolis, which left Philadelphia for Brazil last week, was wrecked near Curitiba light-house on the coast of North Carolina (near the scene of the H. run disaster) on Thursday, the 31st ult. About one hundred persons out of two hundred and fifty on board, are unaccounted for or known to have perished. The survivors have reached Norfolk, and give appalling descriptions of the horrible incidents attending the catastrophe. The steamer was agreed on all hands that the steamer was unseaworthy and overloaded, and should never have been permitted to start on the voyage.

Dr. Luderham, the director of the mint at Philadelphia, has expressed the opinion that, in case the Bland silver bill becomes a law, the effect will be to make silver the standard, increase the premium on gold and cause its exportation, and also increase prices. He strongly favors the Allison amendment, providing for an international monetary conference.

George Cruikshank, the well-known draughtsman and caricaturist, is dead. The public debt decreased in January \$1,608,076.33. A fire last week in the dry goods commission house of H. P. & W. P. Smith, 224 and 226 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, destroyed property to the estimated value of about \$200,000. There were 128 failures in New York city in January. The Union Mutual Insurance Company, one of the oldest marine companies in New York city, announces its intention to retire from business. As a consequence of the strike of the shoemakers in Lynn, many manufacturers are moving from that city to quieter towns. The Hockley Locomotive Works of this city have suspended. The National Bank at Brandon, Vt., has been robbed of \$100,000 or more through the weakness and rascality of the cashier, who has fled. During the storm of Thursday night a large amount of valuable property was swept away by the waves on Cony Island. Two houses were swept away, and the unfortunate occupants, consisting of three women and five children, perished. The damage to property is estimated at over \$50,000.

## RHODE ISLAND.

Brother Harlow has been ill during the week, causing serious alarm among his many friends. The latest report is more hopeful. Many prayers will be offered that this true man and faithful minister may not be laid aside from the work he loves so well. Brother E. M. Smith and wife have been called to New Jersey by the sudden death of Sister Smith's father, Mr. H. B. Hanchild. The Providence Journal states that the M. E. society of East Providence, now worshipping in Church's Hall, is seriously considering the matter of erecting a church. A beautiful black walnut pulpit has been placed in the First Methodist Church, Newport.

Since the departure of Messrs. Pentecost and Stebbins, several of our Churches have been holding meetings each night. The Daily News speaks in high praise of the services of Mr. E. J. Smith, of Trinity Church, Providence, who has been laboring with the First M. E. Church in Newport. Sister Smith has been called a second time to N. Y., and is now working both with the Church and the reform club.

## VERMONT.

At the last quarterly meeting at Fairfax, Brother W. D. Madsen baptized two persons, received three on probation, and four into full membership.

Rev. N. W. Scott and wife of Glover celebrated their golden wedding the 29th ult. Brother Scott entered the ministry in 1825, this being several years earlier than any other man in our Conference now living; but he has been superannuated a number of years. He is greatly honored and beloved by the brethren.

Brother P. M. Frost, of Putney, recently delivered a lecture on "Elements of True Manhood," in the town of Cavendish; and Dr. J. E. King one on "London and its Suburbs," in regard to both of which the local press speaks in terms of commendation. The ladies of the M. E. Church at Weston, held a successful festival a few evenings ago. At Perkinsville, the friends of Brother L. O. Sherburne made him a donation amounting to \$115; and at Hyde Park, Brother O. S. Barford received a donation that netted him over \$70. The visit to the pastor at Grand Isle brought \$108 receipts. Besides this, Brother Oliver has received in actual donations a fine buffalo overcoat, robes for his sleigh, and other articles, amounting to \$90.

An excellent spirit attends the work at Underhill, Brother S. C. Vail, pastor. Last Thursday the Presiding Elder, Brother Cooper, commenced a four days' meeting which grew in interest until Sunday, which was "the great day of the feast." After the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on Sunday, seekers were invited forward, when five came to the altar. To these were added a large number who came to represent friends; and the work continues to grow in interest. At the quarterly meeting the pastor baptized one, and received one into full membership. He also received three on probation.

The donation visit to the Presiding Elder of St. Albans district fell on one of the most delightful days of the season. We clip the following pleasant notice of the visit from the St. Albans Daily Messenger. Miss Emma Cooper has been out of health for the past year, which will explain, and give added interest to, the reference to her:—

"The donation visit to Rev. A. L. Cooper, was the pleasantest affair of the kind ever held here. An unusually large number of the ministers and their wives were present, and the receipts were larger than in any former year. Several little surprises helped to give interest to the occasion. In the afternoon the ministers presented Mr. Cooper with a copy of the best edition, wide margin, Bagster's Bible, containing the autographs of the several ministers of the district; and, at the same time, Mrs. Cooper was presented with a purse by the ministers' wives.

"In the evening the St. Albans friends aided the district paragon on Thomas

Street; and, before they left, A. Tinker, Esq., presented Mr. Cooper and Miss Emma, each, with a handsome sum of money from the ladies of St. Albans. Mr. Cooper and family have resided here nearly seven years, and have greatly endeared themselves to the people of this community."

H. A. S.

## GENERAL METHODIST ITEMS.

Methodism numbers one hundred churches in Philadelphia, including seven under the control of the African M. E. Church—according to the *Ledger* almanac published in that city.

Mr. Truman Hillier, of Columbus, O., has given \$20,000 for the endowment of a professorship in the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware.

The North Carolina Conference of the Southern Methodist Church, has taken steps to raise funds to erect a Memorial Church in Shanghai, China, to the memory of Bishop Marvin.

The tenth annual session of the Louisiana Conference was held at Baton Rouge, January 9-14, Bishop Harris presiding. Nine years received on trial, among the number, Hon. Pierre Landry, Senator in the Louisiana legislature, who has been a local preacher for ten years.

The *Christian Standard* is the name of a new semi-weekly paper issued in New Orleans for the colored people. The editor is Rev. C. Hunt.

Rev. W. F. Crafts writes: "That is an excellent idea of Dr. McTear about pastors or friends of Northern young men in New Orleans writing him about them. Let parents and friends of men who have come to Chicago write some of us who are pastors about them, and we will try and help them to a religious home."

The agent of the Southern Book Concern announces that but \$29,000 of the \$30,000 asked from the 27 Conferences, have been received. Only two Conferences have paid the amount assessed.

Presiding Elder A. C. Dutton writes: "South Carolina Conference closed a very harmonious session, Jan. 21st. Some advancement made financially and numerically. Appointments as follows: Orangeburg district, J. E. Wilson; Columbia district, V. H. Bailey; Port Royal district, A. Webster; Greenville district, A. C. Dutton. Financial agent for Cladon University, J. B. Middleton. The fraternity of our brethren of the M. E. Church South was very gratifying. To God be the praise."

Trinity Church, Millville, N. J., was organized last April with 180 members. It now numbers 270.

It is claimed that there are eight members of the Southern Methodist Church in the United States Senate, and seventeen in the House.

Dr. Cook, according to the *Atlanta Advocate*, is doing "capital work at the Cladon University, at Orangeburg, S. C. The new building is completed and filled with students, and the State Agricultural Department is getting into efficient operation. The State seems inclined to aid in its support with commendable liberality in various respects. The white people of South Carolina are doing themselves great credit by efforts to sustain this department of the university."

A deeply interesting farewell meeting was held in the First Southern Methodist Church, Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 20th, for Rev. W. H. Patterson, superintendent of the Mexican Mission of the Church South, and Rev. F. D. Villegas, a talented young Mexican, who goes to reinforce the mission. Addresses were given by these gentlemen and by Bishop M'Yre.

Centenary Church, Charleston (Rev. L. M. Dutton, pastor), has perhaps the largest membership of any society in the Methodist Episcopal Church—2,000 members, according to the report made to the last Conference.

In the village of Hockley Falls, N. Y., on the Troy and Boston Railroad, Methodism is flourishing. Within a year about 100 persons have united with the Church. Old debt, aggregating a large amount, have been paid at an expense of \$2,200—all paid for. A revival is now in progress and a good many are being saved; twenty-five have just united with the Church on probation. The future is promising.

## OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

Rev. Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., of New York, returns from the ministry on the first of May. He has been pastor of his present society for thirty-three years.

The number of Protestant Episcopal places of worship in New York city, according to "Whittaker's Almanac," is seventy-eight.

The Epiphany offerings for missions at Grace Church, Brooklyn Heights, the Rev. Dr. Snively, rector, on the 26th inst., was \$12,746.80.

The First Presbyterian church at Westfield, New York, a large and handsome edifice costing \$40,000, was burned Jan. 13.

Dr. Parker (Independent), of City Temple, London, has adopted a new plan for the publishing of his sermons. He has them printed and circulated on the Thursday preceding the Sunday of their delivery.

A Sabbath Alliance has been formed in Philadelphia. Its objects are the enforcement of the existing Sunday laws, and the enactment of a more precise Sunday law. Judge Porter is the president.

The University Place (Baptist) Church, Chicago, which was in financial danger a short time ago, has paid off \$10,000 of its debt, and has provided for the payment of the remaining \$8,000 within four years. On this sum the church pay but two per cent. interest per annum.

Mr. Beecher has been elected chaplain of a Brooklyn regiment of militia, and has accepted the post.

The Presbyterians of England are taking measures to raise a central fund of \$1,250,000 to pay off existing church debts, and push on the work of Church extension. They seek the aid of Presbyterians out of England.

Dr. Schenck of St. Ann's Episcopal Church, Brooklyn, states that the income of the parish does not meet the expenses of the Church, and the interest of the mortgage of about \$140,000, and that if a considerable amount of money is not soon raised, the doors of the church will be closed.

Another English nobleman, the Earl of Mulgrave, is conducting evangelical meetings. He has been laboring among the Essex fishermen.

The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. James Bowdoin Mozley, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, and one of the eminent scholars of the State Church. In the year 1866 he was Rampton Lecturer, and delivered a series of lectures on miracles. He was also the author of a treatise on the Augustinian doctrine of predestination, and another on baptismal regeneration.

The Bishop of Colombo is an accomplished person; in two successive days he preached in four churches in four different languages: Chingalese, Burghers (a kind of Dutch), Portuguese, Tamil.

The New York Times gives the following summary of the indebtedness of the New York city Churches: Baptist Churches, \$223,300; Congregational Churches, \$181,000; Colored Churches, \$72,500; Friends' Meeting-houses, no debt; Jewish Synagogues, \$380,500; Lutheran Churches, \$189,900; Methodist Episcopal Churches, \$180,850; Miscellaneous Churches, \$22,400; Presbyterian Churches, \$542,600; Protestant Episcopal Churches, \$1,241,350; Reformed Dutch Churches, \$100,800; Roman Catholic Churches, \$3,043,814; Unitarian Churches, \$82,000; United Presbyterians, \$20,500; Universalist Churches, \$75,000. Total, \$7,770,314. The total value of the property is \$36,191,600.

A novel method of raising money for Church purposes has been put in practice at Boscawen, N. H. A swarm of bees was discovered, some time since, under the eaves of the Congregational church, and with sixty pounds of honey taken from this hiding-place, a festival was held, which brought the Church a handsome amount of money.

In one hour, on a recent Sunday, the entire debt, \$27,000, of the Central Presbyterian Church at Orange, N. Y., was subscribed. The first nineteen subscriptions were \$1,000 each.

The Church of Scotland has finally decided to begin missions in China. A missionary and some collectors are under appointment, but the station has not yet been chosen.

The Tabernacle, Brooklyn, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., pastor, is threatened with a foreclosure, having been in default since July 1st, 1877, on principal and interest of a bond and mortgage for \$40,000.

## CALENDAR FOR 1878.

1878	1878	1878	1878	1878	1878
Jan. 1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31					
Feb. 1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
Mar. 1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31					
Apr. 1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
May 1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31					
Jun. 1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
Jul. 1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31					
Aug. 1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31					
Sep. 1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
Oct. 1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31					
Nov. 1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
Dec. 1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30
31					

## MARRIAGES.

In this city, Jan. 28, by Rev. R. R. Meredith, assisted by Revs. W. J. Hamilton and J. Peterson, Mr. W. H. Putnam, formerly of Albany, N. Y., to Miss L. M. Putnam, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Oct. 10, by Rev. W. J. Hamilton, Mr. H. W. Putnam, formerly of Albany, N. Y., to Miss L. M. Putnam, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y.

In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y.

In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y.

In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y.

In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y.

In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y.

In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y.

In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y.

In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y. In this city, Jan. 15, at the M. E. parsonage, by Rev. W. B. Rusk, Mr. R. B. Bridges to Miss A. C. Bridges, formerly of Albany, N. Y.

Persons who are desirous of obtaining choice fl. w. r. seeds can address Mr. L. W. Goodell, Amherst, Mass. His catalogue gives some important instruction about raising fl. w. r.

**BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES**

Coughs and Colds.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" will allay irritation which induces coughing, and gives immediate relief in Bronchitis, Catarrh, Indurated Throat, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, and Consumptive and Asthmatic Complaints. The Bronchial Troches are steadily winning their way into public favor, until they are known and used nearly all over the world.

30

**HARDY**

REMOVAL.

A. N. HARDY, Artist Photographer, has removed to his new and elegant Studio, No. 492 Washington Street, Boston, between Temple Place and West Street. Permanent Camera Photograph made that will not spot or fade. Also, a new Patent Picture-Cliff rent from anything ever before offered in Boston. Prices reasonable.

306

**HENDERSON'S COMBINED CATALOGUE OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN**

Numbering 10 pages, with Colored Plates, over 100 illustrations of the market, and to all purchasers of one book, either *Gardening for Profit*, *Practical Flower and Fruit Culture*, or *Flowers* (price \$1.00 each, prepaid, by mail). To others, on receipt of 10 Cents, Plant and Seed Catalogues, without Plate, free of all to be sent.

**PETER HENDERSON & CO.**  
35 Cortlandt Street, New York.

**AMERICAN INSTITUTE.**

QUINTUPLE HIGHEST AWARDS!

1873 1874 1875 1876 1877

**WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW MACHINE**

"The Best in the World."

**WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW MACHINE**

"The Best in the World."

1873 1874 1875 1876 1877

**WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW MACHINE**

"The Best in the World."

**WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW MACHINE**

"The Best in the World."

1873 1874 1875 1876 1877

**WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW MACHINE**

"The Best in the World."

**WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW MACHINE**

"The Best in the World."

1873 1874 1875 1876 1877

**WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW MACHINE**

"The Best in the World."

**DEVOS'S BRILLIANT OIL.**

Is absolutely safe. 24. Gives a powerful brilliant white light. 24 does not smoke, nor soot, nor crust the wick. It is the most economical oil in the market. It is sold by all dealers in oil. The Devos Manufacturing Co., Sole Proprietors, New York, N. Y. (Sole Agents, 3 Central Wharf, Boston.)

**CHOICE SEEDS! BEST OFFER YET!**

I will send for trial to new customers who send 10c, and stamp this month, a packet of the choicest seeds, including a packet of *Strawberry* and *New Japan Cucumber*. A large packet and mixture of seeds of all the Catalogue from L. W. GOODSELL, Amherst, Mass.

306

**DR. QUAIN'S MAGIC CONDITION PILLS.**

*Dyspepsia Four Years, Constipation and Inflammation of the Bowels Three Years, Confined to my Room Two Years, So I Could Not Sleep Without Morphine. One Package of Quain's Condition Pills Cured Me.*

WEST LEBANON, ME., Feb. 22, 1878.

AMERICAN MEDICINE CO.:—I have been sick for four years with Dyspepsia and for the last three years, Constipation and Inflammation of the Bowels. I have been confined to my room for two years, and have been unable to sleep without Morphine. I have been given up by all the doctors I have consulted, and I have been told that I must live on Morphine. I have been given up by all the doctors I have consulted, and I have been told that I must live on Morphine. I have been given up by all the doctors I have consulted, and I have been told that I must live on Morphine.

**DR. QUAIN'S MAGIC CONDITION PILLS.**

*Dyspepsia Four Years, Constipation and Inflammation of the Bowels Three Years, Confined to my Room Two Years, So I Could Not Sleep Without Morphine. One Package of Quain's Condition Pills Cured Me.*

WEST LEBANON, ME., Feb. 22, 1878.

AMERICAN MEDICINE CO.:—I have been sick for four years with Dyspepsia and for the last three years, Constipation and Inflammation of the Bowels. I have been confined to my room for two years, and have been unable to sleep without Morphine. I have been given up by all the doctors I have consulted, and I have been told that I must live on Morphine. I have been given up by all the doctors I have consulted, and I have been told that I must live on Morphine.

**DR. QUAIN'S MAGIC CONDITION PILLS.**

*Dyspepsia Four Years, Constipation and Inflammation of the Bowels Three Years, Confined to my Room Two Years,*